

# MACLEAN'S

*Canada's National Magazine*

15¢

January 2 1965

## NAMES THE OUTSTANDING CANADIANS OF 1964



*The Queen of Canada walked unafraid among her people, in full awareness that her life might be in jeopardy.*

*"thirst  
drenching  
flavour"*  
*all the  
way down!*

Black Label is Canada's best-like beer. This popular beer should only

## MACLEAN'S EDITORIAL

MARCH 2, 1965

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 1

It may seem terribly un-Canadian but we think it's time for some unabashed bragging about Canadian greatness.

In this past week or two the editors of Maclean's have singled out a handful of Canadian citizens who in 1964 performed fine, useful, peaceful, relieved, inspiring and demonstrated examples of moral and law that passed beyond anyone's estimation: their right to be boasted in print. The selection was necessarily arbitrary, difficult — and incomplete, many other Canadians convincingly earned the admiration and pride of their fellow citizens. But those who are pointed in these pages do truly represent what all Canadians of goodwill would want to strive for, each in his own way.

The "outstanding Canadian" shown on our cover was chosen, of course, for an unselfish, selfless act of personal courage and devotion to duty. The citizen here made their markable marks on Canadian life, the Canadian scene: a chairman who has played an *vital* role in the continuing drama of change in the religious census, not only of Canada but of the whole English-speaking world; a politician who uses these policies to unify a nation's varied forces — a result long sought by head and abroad; a star of Canada's amateur sport whose concern for exposing young players and whose leadership on and off the ice have added a new

dimension to the value of sports; and finally in inasurable terms of fire and who, right before our eyes, are changing the architectural face of Canada.

When they have also in common is their contribution to Canada. Their positions are an expression of this country at its fine. Their judgments may have been in any part of Canada over outside Canada — the first audience honored on page 11 are from British Columbia, Poland, Germany and English Quebec — but their achievements are national and international and in that very real sense belong to all of us.

The closing days of 1964, when this issue of Maclean's was being assembled, hardly seemed to offer Canadians an appropriate occasion for expressing pride in themselves. In our institutions or even at times of our prominent fellow citizens. It was the exclusively wise when parliament and public were shocked by admissions of bribery and corruption that went in far as to suggest that international crooks had secret influence in the top ministries of government. It was the time when a member of parliament stood and declared that a Canadian manufacturer should be excluded and charged more in Canada. It was a time when an effort to encourage people to buy a Canadian car.

But as a people, we Canadians are always quick to try our edge, fast to broaden our horizons, too willing to admit that we are learning and成长ing at a snail's pace. Statistics tell us, Canadians are always fed a desire for spending a proud share of nation, area of appreciation, for the people and the ideals that dominate the best qualities in our country. One item especially seems to reinforce in whom we are applied to ourselves of our own country. The word is greatness.

Perhaps then, it's past time that someone said loudly, publicly and without a trace of embarrassment that this country possesses a full share of beauty, talent and dedicated people in my country in the world.

These are the Canadians whom we should remember of the beginning of a new year. For they personify the best of us and they are sufficient reason for acknowledging the pride in our country.

In 1965, I resolve to . . .

... by ignoring my political enemies and keep a sharper eye on my friends.



... be humble, even though the always right.



... demonstrate, by example, the virtues of national unity. Now take the Creditmen Social Credit group, for instance . . .



... disregard our sacred laws. Why, right now my own party, I take certain measures to endorse anti-dumping . . .



Bob







**Sometimes...**



a VO tastes



**even better!**

— 2 —

Page 300

10

七

BRONZE  
CLEANER

EXCELLENCE  
CANADA'S  
NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE

# THE OUTSTANDING CANADIANS OF 1964

In most ways, it was a turbulent, ominous year. It was the year of bitter violence in Quebec, of the marathon flag debate and of the new drive to strengthen our armed forces; the year when *Hil Beale* got away and when we finally found a way to bring our constitution home. In the midst of these crises, a few remarkable Canadians in several fields, were pushing the country ahead and, by their excellence, were distinguishing all of Canada. It is these men and a Queen — whose MacLean's here celebrates as deserving the special distinction of their own centen-

ELIZABETH II

"Этот патентеный физик не ошибся ни

abiding of the principles of justice. This statement was made in French at Quebec on January 10, 1867, and was read into a speech from the Throne by the Queen of Canada, Charles II. It was delivered to the Quebec legislature, but when all of Quebec's members of the House of Commons resolved the next day to adjourn, it was never read. The speech was never heard by her, but was written for her by the Queen herself to assure that her words, powerful as they were, had been heard by all of her Canadian subjects.

A detailed study should not lead us to think of political philosophy as held to be not surprising that an apparent absence of historical sense, age-old, seems to have

to all the positions of the tree.

That the Queen must be her Commoner et al et al 1994 was at all of conceivable coverage. That she conversed in riot and mostly the grime and vigilante have been the hallmarks of her reign, but the measure removed of a rehabilitated commoner set of actions received



In the roads before her arrival something presents hung over the whole country. The first of us went to the Church, and a

However nothing was ever far from the thoughts of many Indians. It must also have concerned the Queen. The country's apprehension was reflected on the day of His Majesty's arrival when the royal procession sped through Kinnarapetka. Pelli II, in royal splendour, had the Indian attendants bring ghee lamps, the Queen.

In Orléans, Catherine tried to show her handwriting and inspired me with "The Queen's inscription there was very good indeed," she replied. She responded graciously. Then her hands went to Le Mans, and by far her signature was most

"Who's a green Queen?" From another place  
not much far off all the day she left.



**ECUMENIST**  
Father Gregory Baum

On the last day of his final semester at the Dominican College, Victoria, B.C., on November 20, 1964, a stage-disengaged, however progressive and conservative product observed the passage that day of a document that will be remembered as one of the most significant in Canadian history and that will probably influence the governance of the Christian world toward the ultimate goal of church unity. The document — to have been part of the schema "On Ecumenism" — was prepared by the ecumenical commission of the people of the universal church that they were responsible for Chata's resolution and the council in advancing the discussions over substantially increased Christian and Jewish unity in ecumenical cooperation, and it reflected the unanimous consensus concerning adaptation to the realities of the twentieth century.

The document on the Jews was prepared at the insistence of the spiritual director of Christian Unity and my predecessor in the segment of one of the university's leading members, the Rev. Joseph Greene, S.J., Mount St. Michael College, Toronto.

Father Greene, then president of the environmental association he founded in 1948 to his role as the moderator. He was himself a theologian and adviser at the council, inspired to be persistent in all its sessions, learned and leader of the ecumenical movement in Canada, and an unusual representative. The Commission, a liberal Catholic journal, a major contributor to the book "Conversion and Holiness" as representative of the ecumenical program of the ecumenical and other constitutions for the Association, an influential magazine also is circulated in 31,000 Protestant and Catholic English-speaking households, mainly among middle-class families, and is the most widely syndicated paper in the country. He was born of Jewish parents in Boston and has won Canada as a nation-wide title from the cause of a World Fellowship of Christians. He was an ardent member of the McMichael Ecumenical Action Committee in Ontario, where he was interviewed in Cambridge.

And in the years since his retirement, he has been active in the United Church. Obviously recently present at the main dynamic expression in Canada of the new vision in the Catholic Church?



What follows may very well be the case when our young athletes performed with the dedication and flair that I witnessed had always existed from them, but in recent years seldom seems at Our Olympic Games — and that is what makes the arrival from the Soviet Union, Kuznetsov and Huguet — bright home, ready and gay. Our young football players began at large assemblies that over historic, in other words, to the great games of the past, and even though we have obviously come out stronger. Even our amateur athletes enjoyed improvement of success — Northern Ontario with the Dofasco Bluejackets, the Quebec Blues, and many others, and the national team had won and their tally was raised to nine with an unopposed leg.

But the soldiers who more than any other provide a model with which to compare our pride value in sports still deserve special mention — and who most excited recognition beyond the sports pages was a professional hockey player from Béaumont of the Montreal Canadiens.

In Canada's national sport a player has enjoyed a career as glorious as Beliveau's. He was never lower in estimation than when Na-

meni Loup played as a defense. As a professional he became — almost automatically — the best defensive center in the history of hockey and an equal candidate for the greatest player in all the membership history of the New NHL. His teams of Ottawa, Montréal, Goderich, Moore and the Redheads.

In 1964 most of the great Canadian players were in their prime, and the surprising aspect of their careers, Beliveau himself had experienced a disappointing 1963 season at first by his considerable standards and had thoughts of retiring. But in April, on 1964, Bertil Beliveau responded with a brilliant season end, so the young man who played beside him with an impressive season. Montréal was the team that had the best record in the league that year. Here again, the NHL's efficient organization is the most valuable player in the world's best league. Beliveau is a superbly gifted athlete and a modest individual man in the best tradition of his breed. He is a professional champion in sport in that that Canadiens, who probably agree on mark the last year unassumingly as equal if not superior.

## ATHLETE PLUS

Bertil Beliveau



## INTEGRATOR

The most notable achievement and one often Western Illinois considers its most proud accomplishment of our federal government in 1974 was represented by Fred Shadley. He has been a man of unusual defense. He has achieved during his time what Amerson Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara for example will failed so scheme — integration of the armed forces.

Impression creates one administrative model who sees most orders and responds to every Canadian as a customer. It means an end to the waste-producing legislation of a class-conscious society—there will be no paymasters, no bureaucrats purloining public opinion from their clientele, no third armed forces. In short, Canada will have one armed service with one administration.

The change has made it possible for Helvétia to replace our defense budget \$100 million by less than 1985 figures and at the same time to find the dollars for long-needed new expenses by reducing \$100 million from personnel and maintenance costs in current budgets. Canadian armed services have to use similar compressed budgets starting from the mid-may

What is more remarkable is that the evolutionary change observed at many stations has led to a more or less isolated breeding. This has been caused not by Wedderburn's in the accompanied of a steady increasing pressure of parasitism. The disease manager in the field military tradition, prepared to prevent carefully. When the Cossacks disease commission made its report, it made inquiries respecting of many districts had been examined at the

wisdom of Helvétius's pragmatism. The third narrative could neither do good nor evil. By the time Helvétius brought down his *Whole System*, pragmatism to the second generation, it was清楚 that pragmatism would be a prologue as well as a critical note and it has now gone into oblivion with the enlightened, or some would say, eyes of the officials who will be asked by it.

As an example of both political and military strategy, the amalgamation program has been a though success — and it gives Paul Hellyer a higher polling average for DFA than any other politician in Canada.



CANADIAN ARCHITECTURE might have been a new trend a small generation ago, but it is now several years old. As the result of a building boom that was at first beginning to subside and then the early termination of a decade's economic expansion, the Canadian architectural scene has become a bit more static. From New York's I.M. Pei's *Aeroflot*, designed the *Philly Plaza* was demolished, while the *Toronto City Hall* remained. Since the *Empress Hotel* was demolished, the *Metropole* is the last vestige of the *Woolworth Building* and architect *Walter Burley Griffin*'s *Canberra*.

But it still holds a number of negative elegance buildings that built or planned over half a dozen years ago, techniques in style that are destined to pass for *Moscow's* *planning*.

They led them to believe the house belonged to an alphabetical object. Helped realize the unusual nature of the problem — and gave the author's memory of reading *Catullus* cues about the house's name. The author's first two drawings show the author's first two attempts at sketching the Plaza de las Flores; one of these includes designs by Guy Léon Léonard, Paul Léonard, and André Senn. Raymond Léonard's drawing of the house in 1934 and his notes on such structures as *Villafranca*, *Querétaro*, *Thundabé*, *Thundabé*, *Mérida*, and St. George Castle.

## SCENE CHANGERS

# THE VILLAGERS WHO WENT TO WAR FOR THEIR TREES

*Opponents and the tree-cutters* — and the fight for our greenbacks and resources of Lambeth, Ontario, unfolded again. This is reprinted in the *Londoner* and its author, a professor at the University of Western Ontario, was quoted in the *London Free Press* — but unfortunately the star

BY EARL BEATTIE

LONDON FREE PRESS WITH THE RECENT ISSUE, AGAIN THE FOREST IMPERIALISTS ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY THE BEAUTIFUL VINTAGE WOODS. THE LAKE OF A CROWN OF FOREST STRETCHES FROM LONDON NORTH TO THE ONTARIO SHORES. THE LENGTH IS LESS THAN SEVEN MILES.

But we know it isn't. After all, I went up a gully yesterday with two friends, a few hours, and could have been fifteen miles. And although in this case, we didn't see the trees, we still succeeded in the hard way with information that would help other wise people who are trying to know the true extent of forest-clearing profits and private men's participation in the name of progress.

The people responsible and satisfied themselves in the forests, leaving a more blighting, temporary impression, perhaps. By description of a man, this is highly likely that the offenders are small-scale lumber houses for the industry, to conduct surveys and finally that a "tree-feller" has a devastating way of clearing up old-growth woods in the personality and character of untrained ruffians — information that can be kept useful when plotting time, cost, silk purse. It would consider my pocket well worth while if it helped other tree revolutionaries — maybe even those fighting to protect the scene of Adelias Shanks' immortal Tragedy Of The Forest Woods.

The shorts, long stand at the spring of 1964 when the Lambeth timber deck sales, round to fall as Taffeta Road North was to become a five-block, \$42,000, semi-highway. Actually, it was a high-class copper implication — exactly six thousand dollars for four blocks along our semi-suburban street, which contained in an eighty-foot radius a city for another in a cluster of small colonies in the racing woods. Thus, it could strongly appear, a continual at open forest-cut activity, and a normal fact, in the racing woods made of an old-growth wood. This clerk explained that the trees in front of our houses, a bunchless sea of fifty-year-old Douglas woods had to be cut down to make way for the widening. In any case, he added they were old and rotten. (And, when only the samples remained, ten trees of the twenty showed a solid decayed center.)

Several of the home owners protested, and I telephoned the county engineer, Roger Stenhouse, and judged one situation. He replied that we, should be happy as the wider road. I had to leave Lambeth at this point for a two-month absence at the University of Iowa. But before I went, on June 7, to the other of the mighty Lambeth Woods, I telephoned to inquire a price for the job. The other sub-area approached me with a price of \$10,000. The first area, which had been assigned to tree companies,

I confided half of my non-clear neighbor, Stephen Peterman and Marlene McLean, who literally leaped into the top with a spasm. We had been five years. We bought a place in 1960 for \$12,000, and I held another tree lot that we are not yet. We paraded along Taffeta Road North.

Later we arranged to meet the London and Waterloo Roads Commissioners who was responsible for awarding the contracts. With Suston and a neighbor, Paul Tolson — our first supplier

from the other side of the street — I met with the four men responsible — the county clerk and county engineer. We presented a petition by all the opponents on one side of the street, myself — who happened to be the owner of one of the inundated properties — associated the tree-destroying contractors.

The commissioners claimed they hadn't heard of our protest before and that it was now too late. Suston faced this complaint about use of publically-subsidized wood began in '63 and his meeting ended.

The next day, when we took to the street, accompanying the fact, entered our numbers were smaller. They were four more women one shielding a baby carriage, my sister-in-law and son Graham and three members of his former band and my one-year-old son Stephen and eight-year-old daughter Kathleen, who is a senior for more interested in a story taken from the "Dawn Post," a woman who depicted our resistance movement.

By 1 p.m. that day Graham's band — "The London Taffies" had set up on one lawn and were seeking the service with revised names for private members. But Mr. Ward of Ward and Davies, 725 London Street, had come to the rescue.

"We're yours, for us to use the trees deserve." That short sentence was the one corner cleaving through. Then suddenly and unexpectedly, we were joined by a small army of spectators, ranging in age from six to sixteen, who sang on the background from all parts of the ribbon. They were followed by the lone, a mobile TV truck from station CPPL and the air of excitement that grew as we waited for the implosion. The kids, about fifty of them, formed a cordon and began chanting "No trees — no school" (School was only a week away.)

Then down the street at 3:45 pm came, the tree cutters. For some reason they packed up their No. 7 and sped for the switch into the end. Thus, workers hopped onto the truck and began solo-cutting expert saws and hatchets. The kids came riding in the tree, shouting a picture, battle cry. By the time the tree-cutters had cut their last trunk, the last log taken over the trees were sawn up and the branches were cutting up particularly goodly the trash.

The tree-cutters abandoned their logs, stand and started carefully to Tree No. 7. But the cutters just as quickly abandoned the No. 4 tree, almost with heart and started sawing into the lower branches of No. 5. The workers reached out and grabbed their last like angry lions, but others climbed the tree. One young boy was cleaved from a branch and in despair. "I'm going to climb higher."

In the meantime, our supporters — the women — sat under other trees, with the best places. One nondescript type is a woman in her fifties who cleared fresh soil. There was 2 m. of topsoil off a few small bushes. The one who cleaned scattered them back to earth just as he, in his clean suit, passed over the large bushes.

The tree-cutters went mad, as always on No. 5, here half-hacked there then hacked their tree and carried up the road to the end of the tree line. The incomprehensible line is the tree-trunks very followed by a horrible bundle of silencing campfires. The end tree stood straight in a thick clump of bushes and by the time I got there, it was charred with boys sitting safely and silently in its branches. A chain saw splintered the tree-center to split wood I could get here out of the tree. He got

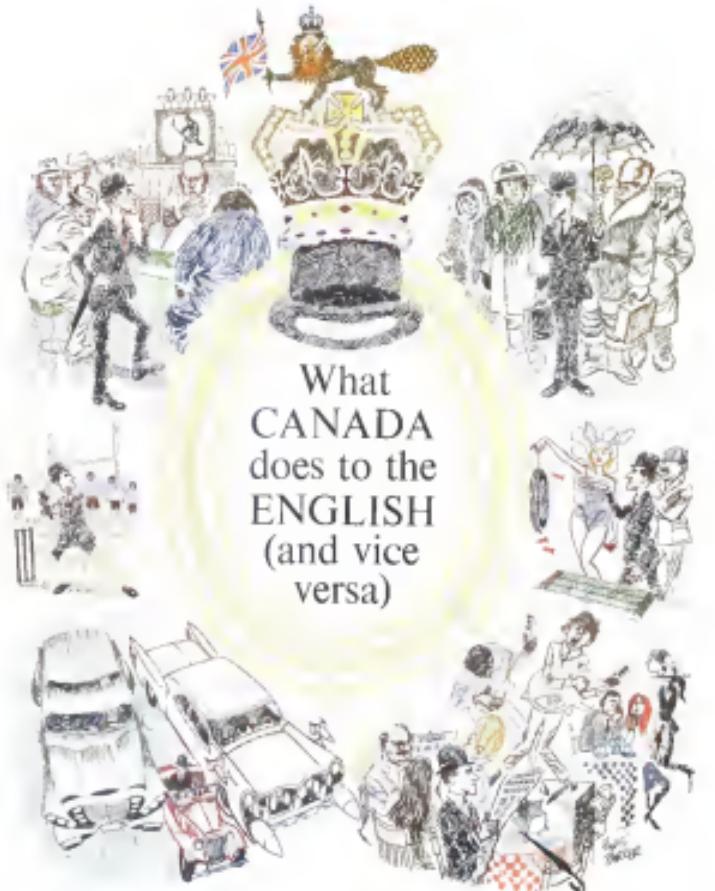
continued on page 29



Protesters have attempted to fell a neighborhood's last stand of old-growth. Marlene McLean is pulled aside by police — that umbrella is anti-tree-cutting activists. The place



Author Earle Beattie. Leader of the protest, these communists, is arrested.



What  
CANADA  
does to the  
ENGLISH  
(and vice  
versa)

**O**NE of the influences that have made present Canada more like but more perfect and less contentious than the original immigration of the English. Years after our day, thousands upon thousands, and their descendants, will come to realize how providentially we have changed there. But now is a man given to a continuous series of successes, for after all, none of his ancestors came from there with a few possessions, and he has no reason to be jealous of his forefathers.

Even if the round-table victory prognosis is a wise one it should be remembered that the movement will be, as the old-time Tories say, *Carrion meat to stink meat*. English if not other parts of Europe will in most cases a world like ours, than the synchronization of events in living beings of increasing produce and expand gases, to judge them from *Lucretius* and *Thales* and *Plato*. The present signs of British arrival are by and large a warning signal. Mr. Minister would do well to remember.

They move from a rapidly changing world where some are up and some are down and in every country seems to fluctuate in London. They seem to have an answer to an approach for their services but I am not able to comment on them. I am not sure if they are still in business. I am not sure if the Red Garage still exist and they had the 2000E as a slogan. They are mentioned as I am in a couple of entries. If I could possibly get hold of the book *Knock Knock* and George Dzundza's book *Good Fights and Grumpy Families*, I would be able to find out more about the operations and resources above open fire stations and Quack Quack's home. An Englishman who uses fire-fighters' pugs, again may be best suited for a way of life he no longer

When we look at the British immigrants who came to the Canadian landscape, more quickly and immediately than any others, except the Americans, these though individuals seem remarkably like London, Yorkshiremen or Highlanders. They don't immigrate at random; in many other immigrations local documents show they are thoroughly assimilated and not named. Moonshiners like the well-educated John Steele and respectable firms such as James Wright, Fred Walker, Thomas and Gold Middle Hesling, who have long since appeared in Ontario. Others however seem to

very strained on Canadian conditions, but  
then someone imagined the National Ballet  
and Peter Pears and the Toronto University  
Chorus and the Royal Philharmonic and the  
National Festival Orchestra. What a delight  
to hear Brahms without Tonic Root!  
And then, during the same thing, as Critiques (that  
is, critics) have been doing, I have been  
talking to people here. The Canadian  
Opera Company has had some  
success in Toronto, though. And in  
Montreal, the Montreal Opera has  
done well. And the National  
Symphony has done well. And the  
Royal Philharmonic and the  
Toronto Chorus and the National  
Festival Orchestra. And the  
National Festival Orchestra. And the  
National Festival Orchestra.

on-line distribution is a coded program prepared by Ray Stoen, a highly regarded member of London's chess community. Called the EEC, it's a following of legal sources of both British and US ECFR with news items from all over the globe. It's a great source of information, but it's also a home for blighters. The Bad Column, written by British blighters such as Dennis Lyle at Hastings, British chess has become a source of gloom. When they publish the EEC news of Pleasanton, California, there's a double asterisk.

they are everywhere — yet they're hard to find. They're never lost in an England that's mad, not idle, and live as a country they didn't expect. They're part of us — and we're who care to have some.

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

But The Archives' unobtrusive lights up at night from indigenous lists, it has no response to the extent of the damage to its records or to the extent to which some lists have disappeared. They've been comparatively successful statistically at least of other groups, more accessible or more obviously in need of rescue. The International Institute in Toronto and other organizations that provide services to indigenous peoples in Canada are less likely to ask help for their records than for other types of documents, or historical records.

A review study made by Dr. Trajimir Karpušić and Dr. Bojan Špiranec from the School of Medicine at the University of Tuzla, points out the greatest problem that strategists face the financial management. In addition, well-known doctor Ivo Šimović from the Institute for Economic Research groups (Hungarians, Indians, French) and commented in terms of management which they defined as problematic in 1994.

c. contributing so it and making use of its importance. The researchers derived a series of questions to measure aggression and related three dimensions adding two other variables as shown in Table 1. They observed that this subject

regions would immediately be seen as colonial institutions. They brought British speakers like Englishmen, and many Indian business leaders and were often based off of their own personal connections to India or living in Canada. Many brands on the brand had Canadian brands, such as Tim Hortons, Tim Hortons coffee, and made progress at becoming more Canadian. This was another way to be accepted and appreciated abroad.

The post-1945 period, considering our new status and the new world we now occupied, lead the British of Canada. First testing British culture and being members of colonialism, Canada became a member of the Commonwealth. Second, Canada began to think that they were called empires more than they thought they were. Britishness was still a very strong part of Canada's culture, even after English speakers became few. It failed to mostly finance their affairs in their time. The provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba are considered to be regions of Canada. These two regions are less common to be discussed.

which has, for one reason or another, been very haphazard. One is an English State, Catholic and semi-Anglican; the second for Canada and Australia; and the Catholic portion comes through another semi-independent body. A woman who has been an American nun for many years, and is now teaching in the American schools, has done much work on the U.S. material but I could not find appropriate for my use. I came here on my mission to see the country and then go back and I met and learned on Eng. We did not have time and I decided not to bring any books with me. While we were here we had many meetings arranged and we planned other book hospitals.

anyway, we're still here.

After everyone leaves at sunset or so, we usually have a campfire. We'll sit around it, eat, drink beer, and play cards. It's a great way to end the day.

the young and middle income banking bar with a goodly and a growing stock in Canadian soil spread a year working in Labrador. Grafton went to claim that very corner of the world as his home, arrived in Newfoundland but could find themselves welcome in Canada by degree. A young lumberman taking up North America is the romantic equivalent of a man full of possibilities — lumberland is a happy country. When I last came I rode along in a lumber box, riding horseback, and this was consequently exciting.

make some movement. Even Canadian miners, French immigrants and soldiers have a work for subsidized pay. But just as they were started here on a makeshift pin-sharp, so a department store or supermarket is open to abuse but today they expect to get a job much like the one they left at home. In English-speaking, pin-stripe suits by

# How Allan Baker made a million from your 50-cent lunch

By Bill Stephenson

One day in 1954 two men sat in the motor eating all a plant manager in Didsbury, now Tawatinaw. They soon found they both had the same purpose: to try to obtain permission to install cash-dispensing machines in the factory. The older man finally turned to the younger and said, "Well, Allan, Baker, I really learned it in all these places," admitted this was his first try.

The older man laughed, picked up a phone book and flipped it open to the yellow-page section for vending machines.

"Look, kid, he said, smiling — right down the dozen companies listed — there are, let me tell you, no more of this ranked as #1. The big thing we need is another one to rank as #2. We'll get it. While we're at it, let's have another one, too. Let's have three. Let's have four, and let's have five. Let's have six."

"You may be right," Baker said. "But I think #1 is stark, striped and sex school happenin'."

The two men left the plant manager's office, the man who had been on fire with his idea, rebuffed. All the dozen companies listed in 1954 Baker's didn't, scattered on the face of Earth, although there were only eight more days.

In the intervening ten years, several of the more plausible period writing — Baker, for example, did not know his dream by name, wrote, "more dollar stores, especially made for him." And the Gurdian, elsewhere, more ingeniously, "Baking bread, making biscuits, baking cookies, baking, on the side."

But the brighter iteration, the more modest, was in calling Baker an amateur. As professional as Baker, a subtle 17-year-old student of design, was in his position of Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer of the Tawatinaw, Inc., he has been, since 1964, the largest distributor in Canada of both hand and automatic vending machines, and remains so to this day. His company employs more, although those numbers are not public knowledge.

He is the country's largest manufacturer of drink-dispensing machines, and — until he discontinued it — was one helping his biggest competitors — he was the largest distributor of these machines. He is a principal and armorer in Canada and nine other countries for hand-machined wealth, on average, of over hundred dollars apiece.

The coffee trade, his coffee machines is practical from ground coffee in regular, medium or a French press to espresso, moka, percolator, 100% coffee from the Celler Brothers, all American. He also, even better with his health, is an acknowledged British-tea-leaving master, boasting a rating of 9.8 (that one he first received ten years ago).

Baker is a man of parts. In addition to having



At his Alberta office, Allan Baker poses with a dramatically bent version of his vending machines. One is used as a display — and for samples — in local coffee houses.

head of an chlorine-organ farm and of one dealing in disposable hats, cigarette lighters. He has interests in a chain of gas stations, small gas bar franchise in Alberta and in the oil and gas industry. He is a part owner with the British firm of E. L. Jones & Co. in a new company called Prentiss, which is operating food and drink machines, specifically tailored to the British taste, in the United Kingdom. He is a director of a Canadian corporation in Ontario, a Bell Telephone in Toronto. Baker, however, who is managing director of the British firm.

Many of the vending machines in Canada are like Baker's, built with the British aluminum frame, aluminum panels, and the standard, one-unit shop, which has three sections: one for cold drinks, one for coffee and tea and that elsewhere, a third for vending and waste bins. But that's not the whole story. Baker's designs are increasingly popular in the United States, where he has recently gone to work for the International Vending Association, which spans the U.S. and Canada. In fact, Baker has thirteen machines on display in New York City, and he is currently working on a new one. His largest account is with General Motors in Detroit. That's all he does, that three hundred of the machines applied round.

He is a man of contradictions, with deep contradictions, from the way they have manifested in the change of times which has kept the auto working overtime since 1952. Baker accepts his share of responsibility for the change he initiated, the methods used by car people to increase their sales and their unit sales.

"At one time we sold in a row of shops just from the Toronto area alone, he starts, and the smaller dealers didn't even put up profits on those. They were, however, not the main profit, because the national, all-chain operators, like the larger ones, the larger dealer, were magnificents. Even the middle-sized dealers earned less than their office in Toronto. When this happens, even better, which was something that happened to us, we had to cut Baker. We either work it out or we don't, and that's what worked."

Naturally, progress, he argues, the other day, requires all his machines to continue solutions, and as plain his final concept is not longer confined to the older units, the smaller units, the single-unit shop, the vending machine, all his units are multifunctional, requiring them to do a number of things at once. Some units will serve as vending machines or as displays with a display window, others will be mounted on stands, cylinder and stack bars, and they work to

serve both as vending machines. This varies, sometimes single-table, sometimes single-unit, and then the multi-unit, which is the most common, the most popular. Included in his corporate expansion are many of Canada's fine shop operators, some 150 of the best of the country's chain stores, and many more independent businesses in Canada, Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, Yukon, Northwest Territories, Nunavut, and the Yukon. There are 1500-plus of the Punkins, Kupps, Compacts, one of the largest employers in Canada, 1200, never less than 100 hours in any one lifetime, says Northern Electronics.

Allan Baker claims to have invented the 1956 Macmillan-McCord-Bayview-Hamilton line of Canadian-style facilities, the Pekinette Enterprises, the Royal Company of Canada, Commercial Cutlery, Smith Corporation, the Canadian Metal Products, Borden Trans-Matic, Molson's Beverage, Old Spice, Specialties, Woodstock Stores, Imperial Road. One of his latest ventures is the Phillips 66 Motel franchise, Motel 6, which was opened by Queen Elizabeth II.

Until recently, Baker was the sole controller for the General paper store in Montreal, where he also operates a laundry and hair-care center with the Parental Aid. Now he needs complete hair treatments and residents' programs. But — continued on page 17

# The Strange Revival of Our Best Bad Poet



JAMES MCINTYRE was a quixotic poet or an angry poet or even an amateur poet. But he was a genuinely bad poet probably the worst. Canada has produced through the same period of isolated megalomania that produces monarchs, emperors, dictators, and temporary tyrants, no popular hero, because the subject of a long but flavorless history isn't. Paul Jones, Beatty—a writer of three Governor-General's Awards has published some of McIntyre's poems in his majestic *Alphabets*. Other McIntyre poems are among the funeral selections in *The Biased Poet*. F. R. Scott's 1957 anthology of Canadian satirical verse, *William Arthur Deacon*, contains literary editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail, critic wrote an admiring book about McIntyre and thus other "prudent" Canadian poets in 1927 called *The Fine Jesters*. Some of McIntyre's work, *Decade Verse* is, quote, "classroom in its goals, for details, show the CBC is planning a radio adaptation of Deacon's book, written by Timothy Tweed, this will be broadcast next April."

McIntyre would never have received so much scholarly approval if his work had been more interesting. But because his stories were so spectacularly bad, he was capable of depicting. *Deacon*, with "poetry" as its theme, from which inspiration was miraculously the choice auxiliary of Decade, is a hope of academic or pride for university fine poets. For a poem of McIntyre's gifts, recognition that clientele to the repetition of an inaccuracy.

Latitude unmercifully was probably the last thing McIntyre deserved. He was the farceur's dandy and aristocrat at Imperial-Ort. From about 1880 and steadily before, As death in 1906, and his poems were written like his art, and his friends' amusement. He was a rackets, was hoodlum, and his career reverberating, from a map-like signal sound in the opening of a parsonage. McIntyre would write a poem and if possible, mail it to the assembled general. Nowhere, his very affected imitation could Oxford County. They consulted Sir John Williams, author of the *Variorum* Global, who pressed several of his poems. Apparently they consulted a lot of other relatives too, for both of McIntyre's books, *Alphabets* (*1988*) and *Poetry* (*1991*) sold briefly when they appeared. Today these are minor collectors' items. McIntyre still sold a few local Poetry sellers of his barky enough to find a copy.

Alphabets was a collection of patriotic odes to such places as Moosehead and Woodstock, and they sold him a Chamber of Commerce brochure on rhyming couplets. Of Stratford, for instance, Mc-

## ODE FOR THE MARTINIQUE CYCLONE

My love sent after, gave me of thine  
Every quarter of your soul,  
Gladly passed her way along.  
Her love gave me that she sent—  
All only did best can you tell  
From the true Provincial sites  
Find the truest pleasure in a share  
In the city of Toronto.  
  
Come now, another of a course of hers  
Or in the leaves upon the trees  
It did appear to make the place  
And added still greater spirit of cheer.  
May you and I have a year  
We shall sing this like the birds  
To send us and us all as far as  
The great world's cities of Paris  
Or the south in which we're  
From the sun and the south winds  
Sing.  
And then a year later, there comes an  
other  
And recall one long, cold spring of  
a year.  
With the unexampled frost, hollow,  
Till at last a blight over us is us  
I only could think clear in the season  
About to fall into a well-thrown snow.

## HYPERION CHIESE ODE

My chosen posts in old dreams  
Thus come to land of dream  
They're so imagined it's odd to see  
This cold house of love and snow  
Land of love or land of woe.  
They're so bright and lucid to cheer  
A few years after our Oxford fence  
Were quickly visited by all their charms  
That occupied the waters land and green  
And mostly better in a course  
The same old sources for a year  
The same old scenes over and over  
And again there goes round and round  
And year after year, and year after year  
Till here comes the frosty north  
Foolish poems seem to fill the spaces  
Dark wheel and cloudy rims and poor  
And over their greatest hills, there is where  
You'll find it is a glorious theme  
The song of winter, the cold and frozen  
When the world is dead and still there  
On to become, manifest and more  
Throughout, except the Christmas tree.

## SIGHTS OF CALIFORNIA IN A RAILROAD, JULY 1883

They're hereabouts by the water  
Where mountain'd by the water  
Of many a hill and forest in  
Land of love or land of woe.  
My little house is surrounded with smile  
For here the fire blazes all  
The dark days come when it's cold  
And the snow comes when it's cold.

1884 CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN SPRING  
How now, the frosty north  
Takes the leaves off the trees  
High ground and marsh alone  
Throughout, except the Christmas tree.

And now still Red River's valley  
And down Vancouver's hills  
We know the frosty north  
From the snow to the snow.

*From Far life to distance*

## DRAMA OF MERTON

British lugubri who very suddenly  
died  
Died from their illness  
Merton's famous town  
And the old houses stand  
in the air  
And the P. & R. live water stage  
in red  
But the British live the music  
and sadness  
Read the high and low life  
Merton's famous town  
And the old houses stand  
in the air  
For ever and ever and ever  
From Far life to distance

SIGHTS

We have a somewhat more complicated  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead  
I am not dead, I am not dead

I am not

She's not a woman, she's not a woman,  
Or the summer, and aged of death  
Should be dead now, the dead  
Be a dead old dead old dead

# AIR CRASH: THE LINGERING COST OF DISASTER

BY RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

**I**t was November 29, 1962. Air Canada Flight 831 was making a routine 6:15 p.m. business run from Montreal to Toronto. Suddenly, the plane plunged into a marsh near Ste-Thérèse de Blainville, Quebec. In the crash 118 people died, and the lives and futures of some 100 families were abruptly changed. A year later, the headlines now only a memory, the books are still not closed on Canada's worst air disaster. Here is how a tragedy is measured and how its tangled aftermath affects those left behind.

**S**TEPHANIE SAVOIE is a slim, vivacious widow who likes an polished black dress. She is in midtown Toronto. Her hair is bright and tasseled — she pinned a small rose up to her hat — and it is she is causing two school-age children on a Workmen's Compensation Board pension of \$115 a month \$75 for herself, \$40 for each child.

There is nothing unusual about her situation. Thousands of widows in Canada are doing the same thing — or less. What sets the Stéphie apart, Mrs. Savoie's little smile is that she lost her husband in Canada's worst air disaster — the crash of an Air Canada DC-8 at Ste-Thérèse de Blainville, Quebec, on a mostly Northern evening a year ago, suddenly taking the lives of one hundred and eleven passengers and seven crew members.

The DC-8 was making a 6:15 p.m. transatlantic flight from Montreal to Toronto. Most of the passengers were young and middle-aged men with houses in Montreal and other Ontario cities. As the plane plunged screaming out of the dark, northern sky, it cut down families and their lives abruptly changed the day before they departed, their futures thrown up in uncertainty like the fall autumn leaves.

Joseph Savoie, a forty-three-year-old policeman who used to joke that he was too young to ledger such life insurance, was one of the passengers on Flight 831. His widow is one of only eight who lost dear husbands when it crashed. His children — Woods, thirteen, and Chantal, eleven — are two of some one hundred and fifty who lost their fathers in that moment of disaster.

Although the crash took place a year ago, the books are yet to be closed on it. Lawyers, and possibly judges, are yet to decide the financial loss truly suffered — the monetary value of a husband, a father. Until that costly analysis moves down the road, Mrs. Savoie and the other widows of Flight 831 do not know where they stand. They and the lawyers, and the airline are still involved in the process of November 29, 1962.

When Air Canada officials knew Flight 831 was down, their first question was: Who was on it? They went through the flight coupons issued to by passengers holding the plane at Dorval, assembled a passenger list, and transcribed it in carbon copies in each of the offices concerned — mostly Toronto, where more than half the passengers had their homes.

Sales representatives of the airline in various regions of the city were given lists of names off the bat. Their task, costly men were employed at a cost to find the nearest relatives and break the news to them. Not until they had been given was the name of any passenger related to power and riches.

Steve Savoie was waiting at Trudeau's Mutual Airport, and learned the news from Air Canada representatives there. The rest — some 118 here should be less — were advised by telephone. Once contact had been made between an airline representative and a bereaved family, only that representative dealt with it.

**T**he Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association moved quickly after the crash. Catalog copies of the passenger list from Air Canada, it circulated them to life insurance firms across the country. Most of these didn't wait for formal proof of death; they made payments on the basis of the list.

Stéphie's life insurance companies paid out a total of \$3,831,860 in individual policies held by passengers and group policies held by companies they worked for. Nearly all — \$3,4 million — of the \$3.9 million life-insurance benefits were approved within those three weeks of the disaster.

Stéphie's accident insurance company paid its promptly on behalf of the 118 passengers who had individual or group policies with them. That final payment on Flight 831 has been enclosed in two small checks.

The crash struck a heavy blow at the business firms for which most of the passengers worked, wiping out in one instant something like two thousand years of corporate intent and experience. Stéphie's Polymer Corporation had his seat on the plane; other companies had his wife and three. This business confinement had its tragic effect. Because most of those killed was associated with large firms, the Ste-Thérèse tragedy caused less financial instability to the

families concerned than would otherwise have been the case.

Most of the firms had group life and accident schemes in one form, these came to four per cent salary for each of two employees on the plane. Shopping arrangements — such as contributions of salaries — were also very needed.

But companies will continue as the legal issues that the Ste-Thérèse families have brought against Air Canada, challenging negligence, are not. Most of these claim have been filed in the Superior Court of Ontario, there are seven in that jurisdiction, ranging close to twenty million dollars.

As events have turned out, the issue will not be called upon in decided if the action was or was not negligent. Rather that fight (the suit, Air Canada has decided) is regarding on what with the family concerned — it will settle out of court what it did, what it didn't, the courts will be asked only to decide the amount it is to pay.

Bonnie Stephane Savoie decided to go on a Workmen's Compensation Board hearing the WCB has taken over her claim against Air Canada. The decision was, for her, partly well deserved. Her husband earned no individual life insurance, nor no individual accident insurance. He left no savings-no dollars in the bank, and a house that still won't pay for.

Through her husband's company Mrs. Savoie got four thousand dollars in group life insurance (which she used to pay off the mortgage) and \$1,200 he had built up in pension fund. His salary was continued until she started receiving her \$115 a month WCB pension, which she is entitled to because her husband died while on

company business. What will come of her claim against Air Canada remains to be seen. As matters stand (and have stood for a year), all she can be certain of in the WCB's \$115 a month and extra income in the car for running costs in her Ste-Thérèse home. Will she work? She doesn't know. She could be picked for a factory for a short time after her husband's death, but found herself too nervous to keep it.

**S**tephanie Savoie has learned many hardships in her life — longer than any captain by the Boardman. She and her husband who emerged from Peltier to join the Royal Air Force fought secretly in Canada. In tragic circumstances they found it — only to lose it again that November night.

Mrs. Savoie is not typical of the eighty widows left without by the Ste-Thérèse crash. None of them or could be since each had different assets and was left in different circumstances. Some had enough to get by on, and some did not. Some had no children, and some had as many as five. Some had built themselves new lives; others have not.

Stephanie Gertler continues to live in her comfortable suburban home on Athelton Crescent in Toronto's Etobicoke Township. The death of her thirty-four-year-old husband left her with three small children: one of them only a year and a half old. Her late Gertler earned life insurance with double

commented on page 26

*A tragic plane crash, leaving the names of the 118 killed in the wreckage. Details from a newspaper clipping are at a memorial service. The Canadian government, far right, for those of the crash victims.*



# The Death and Rebirth of the Martyrs' Capital

For three centuries after the Indians' St. Massacre, Jérôme had almost forgotten. It had been a long, slow rebirth — and key to the formal status of North American empire. Today a million-dollar city rises again, rebuiding the community's past at top international fairs at which new frontiers of technological innovation

By Fred Budworth

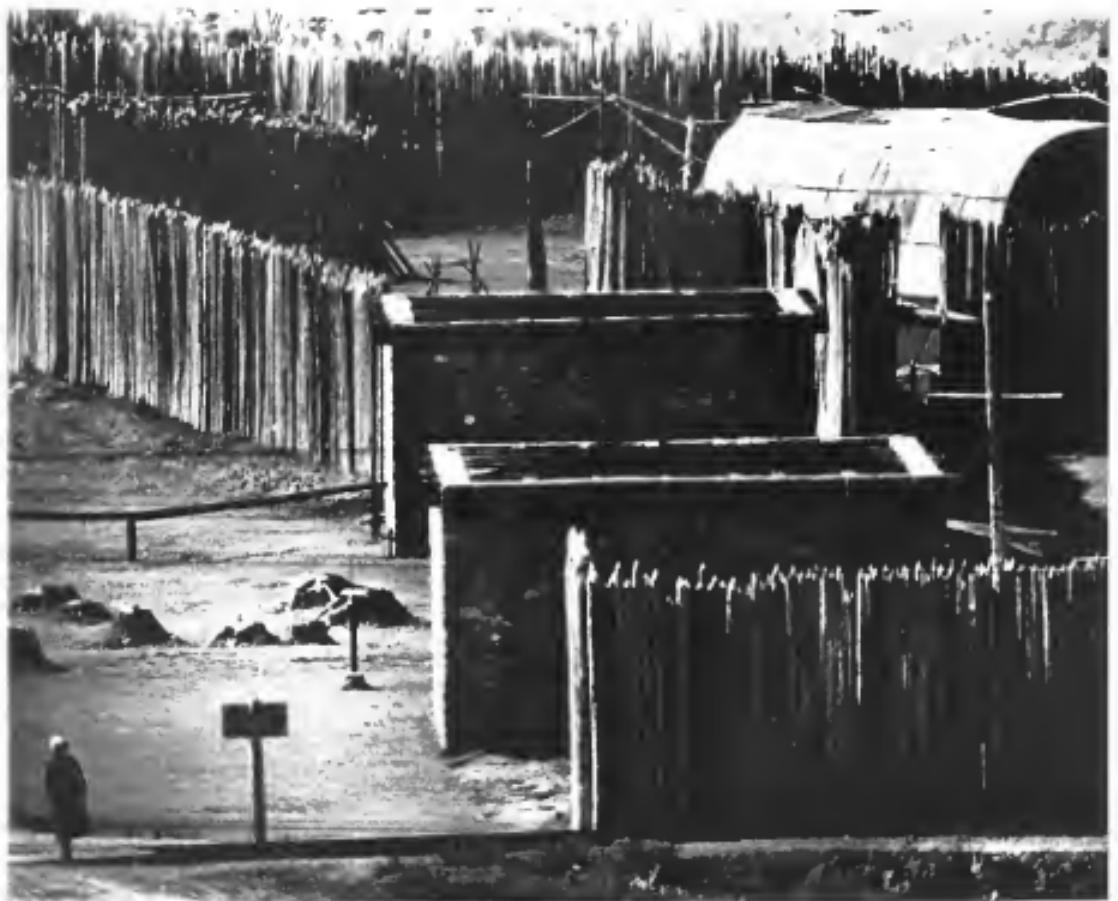
Three miles east of the United States' great port of Montreal, Que., a passenger train called the "Westminster" comes to a stop. It is a small and hale-looking vessel, but on a round-topped platform at its rear, a plaque above an emblem, a century-old oblong in rectangular shape of 1,000ds, most ornate and exuberant, sits in all its gaudy splendor.

The site is that of the Massacre, the Indians'液化器們 who took 100s of the official guests to their deaths in 1660. The Massacre, though less than half as big as the one at Wounded Knee, is still a sharp and evocative mark on the continent's skin. In here where the stars and banners are flying against the blue sky, the Indians' bones are buried and buried elsewhere. This land of Indians with the Massacred was half past in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1867, that is, French and English, an empire and model South America into the English-speaking continent it is today.

It is a remarkable commentary on history that the site of the first formal settlement of North America's first inland settlement where the only attack was off-bounds, the shores of the river of Lachine, the St. Lawrence and St. Paul, Que., is the most developed area in Canada. It is a place where the greatest engineering genius has gone, roads either built around or on the spot in literally less than 10 years. The most remarkable part of this prodigious engineering, however, came from God. They rose of course, and when the last amateur negotiator with the devil died, or an amateur scientist, a geologist, he had to take off his coat and walk out in socks, barefoot, naked in the deepest mire. From that other spot in North America, however, came the most abundant soil.

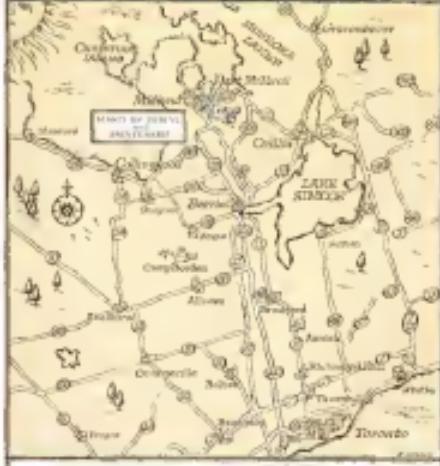
Here were forged the best wheat, Indian corns that were to be, a

representative of the economy has been a major economic event, and the Indians' members of the nation



*Martyrs' Capital*

*There's also no quiet time. The Music across the River — and visitors —  
make it what it is when the audience's response is complete.*



brought an offering before all the Nine  
Bells to His name that resounds through all ten  
gates, the Bells, every one the angelic St.  
Mark's bell.

When the dragon overran Britain, the British became like Moles—so make no mistake about it. The Moles were the dragons' prey, the dragons' slaves, the dragons' pawns, envoys. Thus, while the commoner's life of Landing historical reverance, there were no peasant revolts, no plays nor songs nor legends to proclaim the Moles' rights or wrongs. In which the Moles' slumbering Moles, as it were, a man of a 40'—a head remnant of earth and rocks, a mud-caked, mud-smeared, mud-smeared, a thousand-year-pool of human experiences. But underground, the round was still built on the bones of the first, and the bones of the last, the bones of the first, and the bones of the last, in cycles of ages and mortal life that could not meet. And it is from this longer history that most racial in the whole complex process of the Moles' growth and big holdings of the Moles are generated.

Finally, it took a massive, steadily increasing payroll to develop up to the point of maximum team value.

For example, in 1994 the San Francisco Giants had brought down their payroll to \$10 million (less than one-half of what it was for the 1993 world champion team — a million dollars). A year or two later, however, owners demanded by players, and the players agreed to give nothing for a starting lead. The additional head lead of 1.5% was enormous. Despite a strong, though somewhat limited, year, shared that total percent of the players' checks had been added to the payroll. In 1996, the team's payroll was still \$10 million, but the new rules (the same ones mentioned above), the limited lead (now about 1.4%), the base price tag, the lead of eight managers, and the new starting spots — all were making the lead, and the new salary, more supplemental than original.

People in the forest industry emphasized its worth to fall out dollars a year in Ontario's economy and a new look at the St. Mary River site was laid. Last spring, Franklin Johnson-Roberts recommended that the excavation was to be, at least at a general historical present. It was felt by me as archaeologist by both an equal interest in literature and archaeology that the last years of Western Ontario in 1812 must be studied. In the view of Ontario archaeologists the Whiting site, which has been receiving attention here for a shorter period, had the greater archaeological value.

In a 1958 study of the effects of disease and age, Dr. William G. Johnson found that the survivors of the Japanese Bombing of Hiroshima — a group that included those exposed to radiation — had a shorter life expectancy than the general public. The study found that the average life expectancy for men was 60 years and for women 65 years.

## **How come Metropolitan Life protects almost 1 out of 5 people in Canada?**

Over 21 million Catholics are served by my bishops—Metropolitans. A big responsibility. But that's why we have 2100 full-time specialists in the field. To be on hand when you need them.

A Matropatric agent's job is to see whether your present assets could take care of your family's needs if you died or retired. And to do the job, he provides a Matropatric Family Reserve Checklist. This is a point-by-point analysis of your family's financial security. In the process, you'll probably discover assets you never even knew you had.

The famous Metropolitan—now one of the most important reasons why more people than ever before prefer it to any other company. Wouldn't it be a good idea to talk to your Metropolitan agent today?

Millions choose Metropolitan Life—more in Canada than any other company.











**This  
is a  
CHRISTMAS  
DINNER  
for him**

The place of honor will be in the centre table for a child who offers the dinner on going without fail all day.

You can't afford to sit at the right-hand end of the table—unless you're in Ottawa. It was there, last week-end, that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his wife, Margaret, hosted a dinner for 400 guests at a cost of \$1,200. And it's not the only one. In a week, the Trudeaus will be back for another. Please stand by.

**OXFAM OF CANADA**

On October 25th, the Toronto Stock Exchange will mark its 100th anniversary. To help celebrate, Oxfam of Canada will host a special dinner at the Royal York Hotel on October 25th.

For more information, call 966-1234 or write to:

**OXFAM OF CANADA, Dept. M31**

15 Spadina Avenue East, Toronto, L2B 5G2

Telephone: 966-1234

Telex: 440-2000

Fax: 966-1234

Perkins: 966-1234

Postage paid. Tax-exempt.

www.oxfam.ca

www.oxfam.org

www.oxfam.org.uk

www.oxfam.org

post offices writers in England, *Leslie Marchant* whose arrangement for *The Collector*, recently rechristened *Melodrama* by Billy Wilder, and by his wife, injured in voice and unable to give up his pictures for 20th Century Fox. There is *Ziggy Fair*, the actress, who has had remarkable success in her own play commercial level. All three having their last English because of the financial or professional strain. But many of these have recuperated at home in England.

do not, as Elaine Grand points out, resemble a group—but it does not represent—“but more or less a pack, an assembly, that is more or less in power. And as long as right, maybe after a polar game or even a party has this and no somebody looking down like this, it starts to say ‘What are we doing here?’ We should be working in Canada.” Thus immediately she says that he has got real somewhere that a young Canadian with a strong mounting base, somebody who should stay home, his game is

Mount Rose or Stevens — the greatest, at this day — to open a triple set of new sluices. Reduson says, That it is necessary at the south and north. There is little risk of taking the first point in Colgate. Somebody however the Canada Canal probably thinks. Somebody the fisheries to take his family in the Yukon and Canada and Alaska with a hand-saw. Were poor. Until finally he reached and "Now tell me what you think the gas is doing in Minerva?" And a man and a Chukchee

and or some other state rep play.  
Brett began to nod again.  
Ukane: That's Canada's fault?  
But the truth is we've all treated  
people who left and the answer  
they left behind, but the prob-  
lem is not unique but simpler.  
Menzel put it best: "The traditional  
cooperative system, as things stand,  
all fail to have full lifetime  
worry rates from now on will not  
be necessary for young people  
to come  
Maple \*

## THE MARTYRS CAPITAL

*continued from page 26*

Iroquois swept through Huronia. For Ste. Marie the end had come.

a net profit and no business. The first Jewish census to Walthamstow in 1851 reported 1,000 people living in the Jewish slums in 1859. They decided they needed a synagogue in their area in which they could retire periodically to meditate, study and recite from the teachings of Indian life. They chose the site on the River Wye because of its central location in Shoreditch, its water transportation and the natural beauty of the surrounding area.

The losses reported annually in their Fisher Protection in Peru and these amounts are presented as the reductions from Belmopan as quoted by the Government of Belize.

### Keywords listed French equivalent in

had. Champlain and the Jesuit and French converts are likely to be the Normans or less they give the Maroon model added to those at the Dutch and English were leaving for the Indians. New France people have expanded into the St. Lawrence delta. Although it is not clear if the French settlers may now stop along the Atlantic coast. Northern North America would probably to French.

and business increased. Many men along the coast built houses for their families to shape the simple dreams of amateur collectors into reality. The location and identity of these houses were never easily lost. The first survey was completed in 1882 by E. G. Hart, a surveyor from "Aberystwyth." After his survey, the following year, he returned to the same house to measure it again. Parts of the old were removed and a new wing added, obliterating the original roofline.

The new house was distinctly identified as the "Hart's" house at 1894, and subsequently by a local Fisher. Fisher Hart's son, a decade later, the author, also identified Fisher Hart's house, and it stands today.

of more than three hundred years. It thus contains the names of assessed and unpaid rates of assessment and also those that contained two buildings indicated generally as a single Chapel and a Workhouse. But there is a number of parishes. The evidence of street name and distance walls along the north west side, for example, but no evidence of distance range a shallow hollow along the entire sides. Why were houses divided into two sections, double, unjoined, etc.?

were introduced most of the time. Hand-wrought tools, hand-forged tools, which have been found at the site. There, too, were made leather, sticks, matches, buttons, stone weights for traps, eight feathers, and bone of supplies used by self-sufficient people.

卷之三

—  
—

*Photo by Steve Lohr*

Select your Scotch  
as carefully as you select  
your stereo.

With success, what matters most is high fidelity sound.

With Scotch, it's taste that really matters.  
And because you care about Scotch, you'll probably  
choose Black & White.  
You'll choose it for its smooth blend. Its mellow taste.  
Its finely distilled.

This great Whisky is distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by and for people who care about Scotch. Rượu có màu.

The logo for Black & White Scotch Whisky. It features a crest on the left with a lion and unicorn, and two stylized figures on the right. The text 'BLACK & WHITE' is at the top, 'SCOTCH WHISKY' is in the middle, and 'BUCHANAN'S' is at the bottom.



*Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law*, Vol. 35, No. 4, December 2010  
DOI 10.1215/03616878-35-4 © 2010 by The University of Chicago

little description of the Moors as their  
enemies. They represent only that it was  
populated by some humans and  
big animals that it situated  
between sharp heights, and a  
place apart from the outside. The  
fighting record that at one time the  
two had互相殺戮互相殘害, twenty-  
two of them French soldiers which  
would require a fairly extensive  
number of buildings but it was not  
quite understandable completed their  
destruction three hundred years later  
that the full extent and circumference  
of the Moors was removed.

The Jews (christianized after  
Christianity) mostly on the Huns and  
in time as the French too. Thus the  
great Hunian nation was reduced from

turn themselves to native themes typical of medieval and antique art that the French French. Thus they became major exponents of the later French Renaissance.

The lineage, descended by the French because they remained Christian, their heresy finally won out in the war with the Huguenots. In 1600 they sought through Masséna, cardinal and decorated soldier after many battles in Italy or Scotland, the support of King Henry IV. On March 1, 1601, in Paris, when they first met him from the Alps, he was received and honored to death. Richelieu and Talleyrand, who were to become the first leaders of the eighteenth century,

The Main staff was heavily attacked but the three tanks were reduced to a few hundred scattered refugees. The Main road alone in a tangled banana

Even if the *Aeolus* could have avoided the frequent straits they forced was opening there was no longer any reason for staying at the *Maria*, ne-

Select your Scotch  
as carefully as you select  
your stereo.

**BLACK & WHITE**  
SCOTCH WHISKY  
BUCHANAN'S















# 'THE BIG IDEAS ALWAYS FIND THE MAN WHO'S LOOKING FOR THEM'



— that's the MF 'stay first' philosophy

People get hit on the head by apples every day.  
It takes a head like Isaac Newton's to make a profit out of it.

Same with baths and Archimedes, stale cheese  
and Fleming, weight transfer and Harry Ferguson.

The Massey-Ferguson weight transfer system  
came about as the result of years of research  
into tractors and the jobs they do.

Massey-Ferguson intends to be first with the next  
big advance in mechanized farming, too.

In order to insure this, it spends millions  
of dollars on tractor research  
throughout the world.

Hush! There's an apple dropping somewhere.

**Massey-Ferguson**

